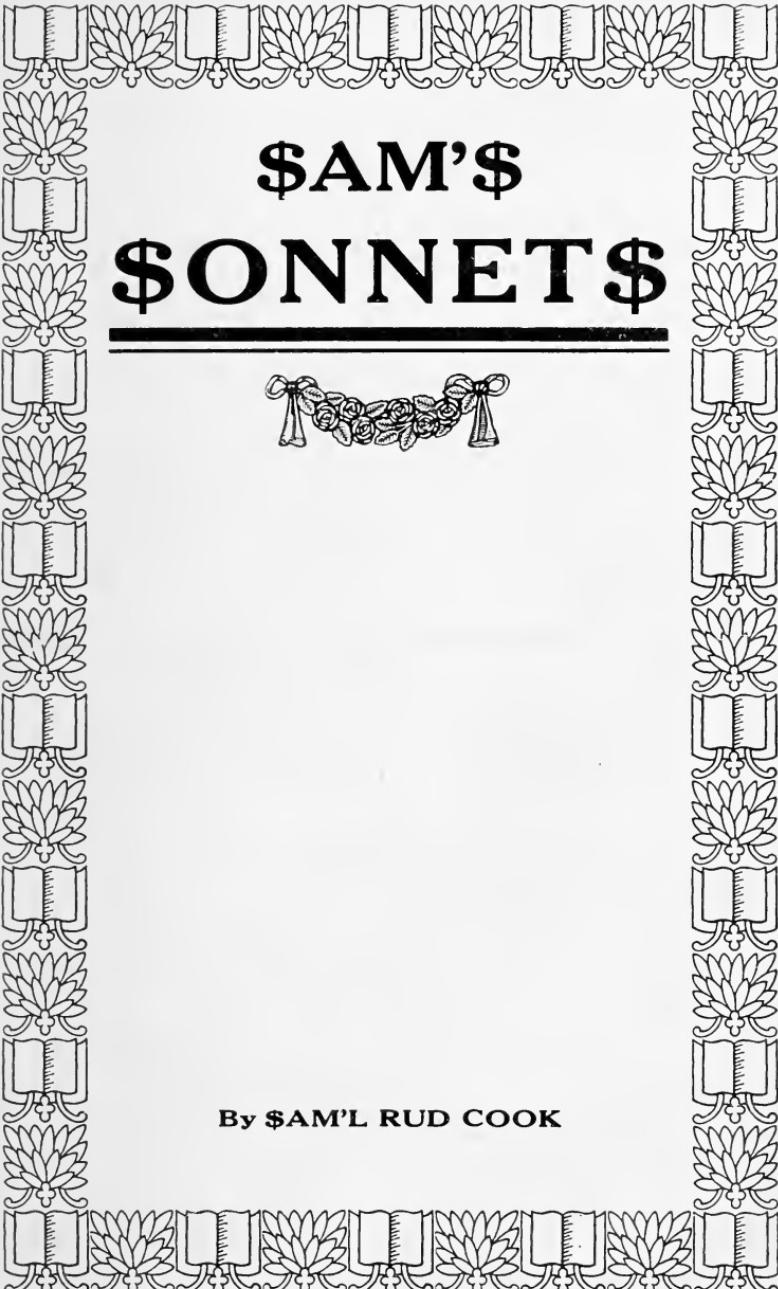


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# **\$AM'S \$ONNETS**

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**By \$AM'L RUD COOK**

## PREFACE

I trust this booklet "Sam's Sonnets," will receive some welcome.

The editor of The Christian Intelligencer, N. Y., called these "very clever verse;" others say "Sam'l Rud Cook is Master of Triolets," but he is the only fellow I never yet learnt to know.

However, one friend fancied the idiocrasm of my signature and sent me a postal card from the east with only the "\$" mark on it, still it did not go to Rockefeller, but came to Indiana the home of IN GOD WE TRUST and 2,516,462 poets, essayists and editors—and finally found me—the Post Officials realizing that the Dollar Sign is as close as money gets to a Cook even if he bakes his poetry.

All these tactful favors are thankfully but modestly received. May our friendship circle grow.

Ever truly yours,

THE AUTHOR.

July, 1907

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Sample of "Sam's Sonnets," 10c; 100 copies prepaid for only \$5.00.

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### THE FIELD

In the field our faith fights for lifes food  
    On the ground that is grace to the grain,  
And this faith is the cause of our mood  
    As we wield for a yield in soils drain.  
Thus the field our hope flays for lifes feed  
    On the fact that is grave for the grown,  
And this hope makes us dare to life lead  
    As we reap just to keep for a loan.  
Thru the field our love fights in lifes fate  
    By the act that is game to our goal,  
And this love is the source for the rate  
    That we choose when we steep our own soul:  
While the herald of these views shall be joy  
    When we seal with a zeal field employ.

### BUSINESS

Of all laws in times lay for smooth lea  
    There's no rite or a role which us rears  
In the line of trades rule as degree  
    Of our work that a right knowledge cheers.  
Of all forms in lifes fad and times foil  
    There's no stile or a square which us sounds  
To the whole of the built as the toil  
    Of our act in the light wisdom crowns.  
Of all aims in our apts and our aid  
    There's no try that's so trim or as trite  
Like the will which shall deed to no trade  
    Lest we know what is sown is all right:  
That is what we in life always call  
    With one voice at invoice BUSINESS TALL!

### THE TILLER

The first of a Tiller is a T;  
    But not oft do we find he tea drinks,  
For he keeps all sober, like a bee,  
    His head wax, to thrive hive, as he thinks.  
The center of Tiller is 'eer ill;  
    But seldom do we see this man so—  
Tho he sows and he reaps, s'Il his will  
    Is a deed for good healin and wealth glow.  
The all of a Tiller means yeoman;  
    But always this peasant treats urbane,  
For he fills the challice, as showman,  
    To the world that would wield all in vain:  
Were it not for the Tiller—the whole fill  
    Of our bins, the Miller and soul will!

## POETRY

Po-e-try is but Poe, the great Scribe,  
With a TRY, at its close; so the song  
Is replete in its phase; hence to bribe  
For its feet would expose what is wrong:  
It to parse is no farce, but a try  
Ever born in a soul as an eye!  
Poem good, as pure starts and it ends  
As meter does begin; yet cadence  
Is oft dense and the rymth needs ammends  
To uphold what we know as credence.  
Thus our prose oft out-weighs all our verse,  
For a ROSE, with a part of prayer  
Maps out PROSE—not perVERSE, or to scare  
Life adVERSE in conVERSE—uniVERSE!

## TRIOLETS

### IN THE LAND OF REFORM

In the land of reform  
Many men are termed Cranks,  
But if their acts conform—  
To the hand of reform  
And inform—not deform,  
Then the world performs thanks—  
Tho in land of reform  
Many souls are termed Cranks!

### IN THE LAND OF FREE PRESS

In the land of Free Press  
We may have our great say,  
If we don't right depress—  
In the land of Free Press,  
Where we pay the Express  
As we make impress lay—  
In the land of Free Press  
We all hatch our great say!

### IN THE LAND OF PARSING

In the land of parsing  
We should know right phrasing,  
For we find no farcing—  
In the land of parsing;  
And none could at par sing  
If rymth had no praising—  
In the land of parsing  
We should note right phrasing!

## **IN THE LAND OF BLACK-SMITH**

In the land of black-smith  
Where we form our good luck,  
Tho we are but Jack Smith—  
In the land of black-smith,  
We may be a crack smith  
If we have a great pluck—  
In the land of black-smith  
May we form our good luck!

## **IN THE LAND OF WOR-KING**

In the land of wor-king  
Every one does duty,  
For we court no shir-king  
In the land of wor-king—  
Tho there dwells a win-king,  
While thin-king thrones beauty,  
Our tal-king and wor-king  
With jo-king is duty!

## **ON THE SEA OF CENSURE**

On the sea of censure  
There always is annoy,  
But the form of censor—  
On the sea of censure—  
Oft provides a censor  
Who saves men from decoy:  
On the sea of censure  
There always is a buoy!

## **IN THE LAND CONTRIBUTE**

In the land contribute,  
There our grace is handsome;  
For we have attribute—  
In the land contribute—  
Which will save postitute  
And conform life fusome—  
In the land contribute  
Where all grace is handsome!

### **IN THE LAND OF PERMIT**

In the land of permit  
Always do what is just,  
Then you won't be hermit—  
In the land of permit,  
But will reach a sumit  
And the world will you trust—  
If in land of permit  
You comit what is just!

### **IN THE LAND OF OUTDOORS**

In the land of outdoors  
We all like to frolic,  
To open our pores—  
In the land of outdoors;  
For thus man health implores  
And no wealth has cholice:  
In the land of outdoors  
Where souls love to frolic!

### **IN THE LAND OF PROFIT**

In the land of profit  
There people advertise,  
Tho there is no prophet—  
In the land of profit,  
Yet they reach lifes sumit  
Comiting ritual wise:  
In the land of profit  
Where people advertise!

### **IN THE LAND ALDINE PRESS**

In the land Aldine Press  
We do press for Smart Set,  
For we have Hotch-kis press—  
In the land Aldine Press,  
And have proved inks impress  
As lifes pie, when lips meet:  
In the land Aldine Press  
Where we press the Smart Set!

### **IN THE LAND OF VERSES**

In the land of ver\$e\$  
All true rite\$ have cadence,  
For we know perver\$e\$—  
In the land of ver\$e\$,\$  
Would but meet rever\$e\$:\$;  
For no wrong has predece—  
In the land of ver\$e\$,\$  
Where true rite\$ have cadence!

### **IN THE LAND OF DANGER**

In the land of danger  
Right always has its flags,  
Tho you are a stranger  
In the land of danger—  
God goes near to manger  
And helps light from its rags;  
In the land of danger,  
Right always has its flags!

### **A MAID WITH A FELT HAT**

A maid with a felt hat  
Dremp't her hat was no felt,  
So she felt of her hat—  
The maid with a felt hat;  
But the felt ne'er felt that,  
Yet maid felt she felt felt  
As maid made for felt hat,  
For made hat was of felt!



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**A FLY FLEW OFF A FLUE**

A fly flew off a flue  
Flying at a flown flea,  
While flea flew into flue—  
As fly flew off a flue;  
Still fly flew up from flue,  
Yet the flue did not flee—  
Tho fly flew off a flue  
Flying at a flown flea!

Mr. Fait on an ait  
Ate a lot of dinner,  
Then some fate, just at eight,  
Pained this Fait while on ait;  
So Fait could not get straight,  
For Fait ate, like a sinner—  
Which killed Fait on an ait  
Who at eight ate dinner!

Moral: Shun Epulosity.

**REFORM LIMERICK**

In the land of deform,  
May the hand of inform  
Conform grace  
In lifes race—  
To perform a reform!

**DAY VERSES DIVERSE**

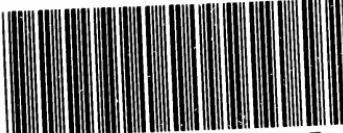
Ted Day's acts are adVERSE  
Babe has rites in reVERSE  
Pa has nights of perVERSE  
Ma the days of conVERSE:  
Versus days TO diVERSE!

**QUARTRAIN PERFORMANCE**

A man adverse to feet,  
Because of life on train,  
Did write a verse with feet—  
So walked to lucks quarTRAIN!



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